

Green Day Doesn't Lie

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Summary: A story based on Green Day's album, American Idiot! Ahem. Dmitry, a cherub, must get Billie Joe & Amanda together before Valentine's Day or else! But it won't be that easy...

1. Prologue

****A/N: ****My newest story! I'm going to delete 101 Ways To Find True Love but I PROMISE I'll repost it eventually! When I finish this maybe. But I've just been hit with some REALLY good ideas for this story so I'm gonna write it! This is a MUST-READ for ALL Green Day lovers! Review, review!

****Green Day Doesn't Lie _by Laura Amanda McConnell_****

Prologue Up Aboveâ€|

"Mr. Cupid Sir!" said a cubby little cherub to the head guy in all of cherub land.

"Yes?" Cupid answered.

"Your, plan! It's going to work!" the chubby one said,
"Butâ€|"

"What?" Cupid asked, turning his head at break-neck speed.

"You need a cherub to finish the job! They're both breaking up, they'll get together in no time if you pick the right cherub!" the chubby one said, hoping for the job.

"Right. Thenâ€|" Cupid said, "Send for Dmitry."

"WHAT?" the fat one gasped, "THAT WILL NOT DO!"

"_Send _**for **DMITRY!" Cupid roared.

The fat one cowered in terror. "Right away sir!" he said, "DMITRY! GET YOUR SKINNY LITTLE BUTT IN HERE NOW!"

"C-OMING!" Dmitry yelled, running across the heavens & landing in a heap at Cupid's feet.

Cupid smiled slightly while the fat one glared at him in disgust.

"Come Dmitry," Cupid said, "I have a little job for you."

"What is it Sir?" Dmitry asked.

"I have a little matchmaker for you." Cupid said.

"Who is it? You know I love matchmaking!" Dmitry said excitedly.

"You see my dear Dmitry," Cupid said, "I need you to get two people together by Valentine's Day or you'll lose your job."

"Well who are they?" Dmitry asked, "I can't get two people together if I don't know who they are!"

"Oh Dmitryâ€¦ it's Billie Joe Armstrong & Amanda McConnell."

**A/N: **Well duh it's short, it's a prologue, just to tell you what's going on! Review please!

2. IDIOT ALERT!

**A/N: **And welcome to back to the first official chapter of my newest story! Enjoy! And please review!

**Disclaimer: **I don't own American Idiot or Hamtaro.

Green Day Doesn't Lie _by Laura Amanda McConnell_

**Chapter One: **IDIOT ALERT!

'_Don't wanna be an American idiot.'_

Keys on the keyboard clacked as Green Day's lead singer, Billie Joe Armstrong, was writing the first song to his new album that was being released on Valentine's Day. He cringed at a word related to love. The awful flashback came back in his head.

FLASHBACK!

"ADRIENNE NESSER!" Billie yelled, "You were _cheating _on me?"

"Yes." She responded, "And I'm divorcing you to be with the guy that I really love."

END OF FLASHBACK

'_Don't want a nation under the new mania.'_

Seventeen-year-old Amanda McConnell sat in her room, staring out her window, watching it rain. She was trying to hold back the tears that had been coming for days.

****FLASHBACK!****

"How the hell can you be such a b-----h!" her boyfriend Mike demanded.

"How the hell can you be such a a\$\$-----e!" Amanda yelled back.

"Why did I ever even go OUT with you!" Mike asked.

"I'M STARTING TO ASK MYSELF THE SAME QUESTION!" was Amanda's response.

"THAT'S ****IT****!" Mike declared, "WE'RE_ OVER_!"

****END OF FLASHBACK****

'_And can you hear the sound of hysteria?'

Amanda ripped up all of Mike's pictures, hoping it would make her feel better. But it didn't.

Billie sighed. He hated the rain.

Dmitry watched them from above. "Hmâ€¦ these two are depressed man. Which makes matchmaking perfect!" but at that moment, he flew into Amanda's window.

Amanda jumped several feet in the air at the crash. "What was that?" she asked aloud.

Dmitry ran & hid behind a bush.

Amanda opened her window & looked out. "I could have sworeâ€¦ I must be dreaming." She said.

'_The subliminal mind fuck America.'

She shook her head. "Now I'm delusional."

"Great." Billie was saying.

Suddenly his door was flung open & Mike Dirnt & Tre' Cool stepped in his room. "BILLIE!" they both yelled & flopped onto his bed.

Billie didn't even have energy to roll his eyes.

"C'mon, we're gonna go out & flirt with all the hot chicks!" Tre' & Mike told him.

"I don't feel like it." Billie said, hitting a few more keys on his laptop.

'_Welcome to a new kind of tension'

"Ooooh, what'cha writing?" Mike asked, looking at the screen.

"Our new album." Billie mumbled, "I was just struck with a good idea."

"Are you sure that you don't want to come?" Tre' asked.

"Yeah I'm sure." Billie said.

"Okay. See ya later man." Tre' said, as him & Mike stepped out of his room & closed the door.

He heard Mike say, "I wonder if he's ever going to get over it."

Billie sighed.

Amanda was sighing too.

"Dude," Dmitry said, "They sure sigh a lot."

'_All across the alienation.'_

Amanda's phone rang. She picked it up with a sigh. "This is Amanda. _Don't _talk to me." she said.

"Hey Amanda," Sandy said, ignoring the less-than-cheery response she was getting, "Me & Kether are going to a movie, do you want to go?"

"Why, so I can watch you Kether stick your hands up each other's clothes while you make out just so I can feel bad about myself even though it was the bwitch's Mike's fault because he's a total, well, BWITH & it's not like it's my fault that he thinks I'm a slut & would rather go out with someone else so my answer is: HELL NO!" Amanda said all in one long breath & then hung up angrily.

"I can't believe it!" Amanda raged.

"_How _can they just walk in here-" Billie was complaining as well.

"And expect me to jump right up & go to the show while-"

"I'm having a major crisis!"

"Some friends!"

"I mean, great way of making someone feel good about themselves!"

"God, doesn't anyone care?"

"I bet no one else is feeling like this."

"That's what you think!" Dmitry threw in.

"Why didâ€¦| whyâ€¦| what?"

"Howâ€¦| whoâ€¦| sheâ€¦| he?"

Both of them put their head in their hands.

'_Where everything isn't meant to be okay.'_

Dmitry was watching & eating some popcorn. "Well," he said, "They need to at least run into each other for a start. So I need to get them out of the house."

Dmitry flew down & waited until finally the two decided they need a walk.

Amanda took her cat & put a leash on it. "You're going for a walk with me." she told it. She walked out the door about the same time Billie did. Dmitry zapped her cat's collar is & the cat ran off full speed toward Billie.

"Perfect!" Dmitry said.

Amanda took off running after her cat. She was wearing jeans & black converse & a black tube top. She groaned.

The cat jumped onto Billie, knocking him off balance & nearly sending him flying off the sidewalk.

'Television dreams of tomorrow.

>We're not the ones meant to follow.
For that's enough to argue.'

Amanda finally caught up. "Oh my god, Leroy!" she told her cat, "You gave me a frickin' heart attack!" she picked her cat up & hugged it.

Billie actually half-smiled.

Amanda looked up & saw him, blushing lightly. "Sorryâ€| my cat. He justâ€|"

"It's okay." Billie said, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I'm fine." Amanda said quickly.

'Well maybe I'm the faggot America.

>I'm not a part of a redneck agenda.
Now everybody do the propaganda.

>And sing along in the age of paranoia.'<p>

"That's good." Billie said.

"Yeah." Amanda said, "Iâ€| uhâ€| Amanda McConnell."

"What?" Billie asked.

"My name is Amanda McConnell." Amanda said.

"Billie Joe Armstrong." He said, shaking her hand.

"I've heard of you." Amanda said, "They play your songs on the radio a lot."

"Yeah." Billie said.

'Welcome to a new kind of tension.
>All across the alienation.
Where everything isn't meant to be
okay.
>Television dreams of tomorrow.
We're not the ones meant to
follow.
>For that's enough to argue.'

"Soâ€| uhâ€| see ya around?" Amanda said.

"Sure." Billie said, "Bye."

"Bye." Amanda said, & she walked the other way, blushing.

'Don't wanna be an American idiot.
>One nation controlled by the media.
Information age of hysteria.
>It's calling out to idiot America.'

_Wowâ€| she was pretty. _Billie was thinking.

Dmitry grinned. This plan was going great!

'Welcome to a new kind of tension.
>All across the alienation.
Where everything isn't meant to be
okay.
>Television dreams of tomorrow.
We're not the ones meant to
follow

For that's enough to argue'

****A/N: ****Okay, I'm sorry, I promise it will get better, but I needed
to explain stuff! I swear the next chapter will be better! Review
please!

End
file.